Arch. Grant of Monymusk Barrt

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

ILLUSTRATED.

PART THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

AN

INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

TRACING

All the Horrors of the FRENCH REVOLUTION to their real Causes, the licentious Politics, and infidel Philosophy of the present Age.

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

THE unprecedented ſale of the pamphlet entitled "Demo-"cratic Principles illuſtrated by Example," induces the editor to offer to the public, the following work, by the ſame author, as a Second Part to it. It contains an account of the French Revolution, not inferior in merit to any that has been publiſhed. The overthrow of the altar and the throne in France, muſt make every friend to religion and monarchy in other countries, deſirous of aſcertaining by what inſtruments ſuch a ſyſtem as that which had ſubſiſted in France for centuries, could in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time be ſhaken to its very foundation.

We are taught from the following Eſſay, that theſe inſtruments were confiſcation and murder. In the firſt confiſcation of the property of the clergy; the bankers, the merchants, the farmers, the lawyers, and even ſome of the nobility of France concurred. The firſt murders were, if not defended, almoſt univerſally excuſed: but how awful and inſtructive is the example, when we conſider that theſe bankers, merchants, farmers, lawyers, and nobles, have all of them been plundered, in their turn; that a great part of them have been murdered; and that ſuch of them as have ſaved themſelves by flight are now living on the charity of other countries.

Let us learn from hence, that civil ſociety cannot exiſt without the inviolability of private property, and the undiſtinguiſhed puniſhment of crimes. He who robs, will in his turn be robbed: he who murders will, in his turn, be murdered: they who introduce this ſyſtem will be the next ſufferers by it; and, if the firſt revolutioniſts in France are not deſerving of our compaſſion, what muſt we think of thoſe who, with the example of France before their eyes, can ſtill perſevere in recommending to their own country an imitation of her conduct!

AN

INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY, &c.

THAT the French were an amiable people, the whole civilized world has given abundant teſtimony, by endeavouring to imitate them. There was not a nation in Europe but had, in ſome degree, adopted their language and their faſhions; and individuals, who travelled in their country, were led by an involuntary impulſe into an imitation of their manners.

The prominent feature in their national character was, it is true, *levity;* but, though levity and ferociouſneſs may, and often do, meet in the ſame perſon, no writer, that I recollect, had ever accuſed the French of being cruel. If we are to judge of their diſpoſition by their natural ſports and entertainments, we ſhall find no room to draw a concluſion againſt their humanity. Thoſe cruel diverſions, where men become the bullies of brute creatures, and laugh at ſeeing them goad, and bite, and tear each other to pieces, were never known in France. Even in their theatrical performances a dead body was never exhibited on the ſcene: ſuch a ſpectacle was thought to be too much for the feelings of the audience. The works of their favourite authors generally breathe the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. The nation that could produce, and admire, a Marmontel and a Racine, could not be naturally bloody-minded.

Whence, then, the mighty, the dreadful change? What is it that has transformed a great portion of this airy, humane people into a horde of ſullen aſſaſſins? What is it that has converted theſe thoughtleſs realms, this gay, ſprightly land of mirth, this bright domain, into a gloomy wilderneſs watered with rivers of hu-

man blood? This ought to be the great object of our inquiries: this ought to fix all our attention. Without determining this point, we can draw no profit from the preceding relation; and without attempting it, I ſhould have undertaken the unpleaſant taſk of holding the French people up to reproach and deteſtation to no manner of purpoſe.

It has been aſſerted, again and again, by the partizans of the French revolution, that all the crimes which have diſgraced it, are to be aſcribed to the hoſtile operations of their enemies. They have told us, that, had not the Auſtrians and Pruſſians been on their march to Paris, the priſoners would not have been maſſacred, on the 2d and 3d of September 1792. But, can we poſſibly conceive how the murder of eight thouſand poor priſoners, locked up and bound, could be neceſſary to the defence of a capital, containing a million of inhabitants? Can we believe that the ſabres of the aſſaſſins would not have been more effectually employed againſt the invaders, than againſt defenceleſs prieſts and women? The deluded populace were told not "to leave the wolves in the fold while "they went to attack thoſe that were without." But theſe wolves, if they were ſuch, were in priſon; were under a guard an hundred thouſand times as ſtrong as themſelves, and could have been deſtroyed at a moment's warning. There is ſomething ſo abominably cowardly in this juſtification, that it is even more baſe than the crime. Suppoſe that a hundred thouſand men had marched from Paris, to make head againſt the Auſtrians and Pruſſians, there were yet nine hundred thouſand left to guard the unhappy wretches that were tied hand and foot. Where could be the neceſſity of maſſacring them? Where could be the neceſſity of hacking them to pieces, tearing out their bowels, and biting their hearts?

Subſequent events have fully proved, that it was not danger that produced theſe bloody meaſures: for we have ever ſeen the revoluioniſts moſt cruel in times of their greateſt ſecurity. Their butcheries at

Lyons

Lyons and its neighbourhood did not begin till they were completely triumphant. It was then, at the moment when they had no retaliation to fear, that they commenced their bloody work. Carrier, lolling at his eaſe, ſent the victims to death by hundreds. The blood never flowed from the guillotine in ſuch torrents, as at the very time when their armies were driving their enemies before them in every direction.

It has been ſaid in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, that the maſſacres in France ought to be attributed to the Allied Powers. "You hunt them like wild "beaſts, and then you complain of them for being "ferocious."— How this hunting could drive the French to butcher one another, I cannot ſee; but if it was a juſtifiable reaſon for them, it might certainly be applied with much more juſtice to their enemies; for theſe have been oftener obliged to fly than the French. The revolutionary armies have overrun an extent of territory equal to one-third of their own country: the Savoyards, the Germans, the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the Engliſh, have been obliged to fly before them; but we have heard of no maſſacres among theſe people. The French moſt unmercifully put to death eight thouſand of their country people, who were in the priſons of Paris; and, as an excuſe for this, they tell us that the Duke of Brunſwick had invaded the province of Champagne; but they themſelves have overrun all the United Netherlands, and even taken poſſeſſion of the capital; and we have not heard that the Dutch have, as yet, been guilty of a ſingle maſſacre. They have found but one place, in all their career, where the people could be prevailed on to erect a guillotine, and that was at Geneva. Here their army was more numerous than the whole population of the ſtate, and therefore their ſyſtem was fully adopted; yet, even here, among this little, debaſed and tyrannized people, there were to be found no villains infamous enough to imitate their maſters in murdering women and children.

That was a ſpecies of ſlaughter reſerved for the French nation alone.

The French revolution has been compared to that of America; and I have heard ſome men, calling themſelves Americans, who have not been aſhamed to ſay, that as great cruelties were committed in this country as in that. I would now aſk theſe men, who are ſo anxious to be thought as bloody as the ſans-culotte French, if they can give me one inſtance of the Americans murdering their townſmen at the approach of the enemy? When the Britiſh army ſucceeded that of the Congreſs at Philadelphia, did the continental troops murder all the Tories before they quitted the city? Can theſe generous friends of the French revolution tell us of any maſſacres that took place in that country? Did they ever hear of women and children being drowned and ſhot by hundreds? Seven years of civil war deſolated theſe ſtates, but the blood of one ſingle woman or child never ſtained the earth.

If the doctrine be admitted, if a people be juſtifiable in entering on a ſeries of maſſacres the inſtant they are preſſed by an enemy from without, what ſafety can there be for any of us? If a declaration of war be to unſheath the daggers of all the aſſaſſins in the community, civil ſociety is the greateſt curſe that ever fell upon mankind. Much better and ſafer were it for us to ſeparate, and prowl about like ſavages, nay like beaſts, than to live thus, in continual trepidation, in continual fear for our throats.

There is ſomething ſo exceedingly cowardly and ridiculous in this juſtification, that even the French revolutioniſts are aſhamed of it. They have recourſe to another ſtill more diſhonourable, it is true, but leſs cowardly. They tell us, that all the aſſaſſins in France have been in the pay of Great Britain; or, to make uſe of their own expreſſion, have been excited to action by the *gold of Pitt*.

As I wiſh to advance nothing without the beſt poſ-

ſible

ſible authority, I ſhall here inſert a paſſage on this ſubject, taken from a Gazette publiſhed at Philadelphia by one Gatreau, and at the preſs of Moreau de St. Mery, who was a member of the conſtituent aſſembly of France.

The intention of the piece evidently is to juſtify the French character, or rather the character of the French revolutioniſts, by attributing the horrid deeds theſe latter have committed, to ſome other cauſe than their own diſpoſitions and anarchical principles.

" What man, enlightened by experience, will now " deny, that, from the head of Pitt have come all the " crimes which have rendered the Revolution deteſ- " table in the eyes of even thoſe who adored its prin- " ciples; that it was Engliſh jealouſy and hatred that " lighted the flames, and ſharpened the poniards, " which have reduced the fineſt poſſeſſions in the " world to a heap of aſhes and blood?—What evil " genius created the impious, ſanguinary, and ambi- " tious factions, that were to annihilate France; or, " at leaſt, bend it again beneath the yoke, if Provi- " dence had not diſconcerted the plans of iniquity?— " The infernal genius of the Engliſh miniſter. It was " with the gold, drawn from his victims in India, " that he paid for the French blood, which has flowed " in rivers at Paris, in the departments, on the fron- " tiers, and the colonies."

This is an *important*, and, were it not ſo very hackneyed and thread-bare, I would call it a " *precious confeſſion.*" Here we ſee a Frenchman, a partizan of, and perhaps an actor in, the revolution, endeavouring to wipe away the ſtain on its principles, by aſcribing all the horrors thoſe principles have produced, to the gold diſtributed among the revolutioniſts by the Engliſh miniſter. The cruelties that have been committed were not, then, neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of a free government; they were not the effect of irritation, of anarchical confuſion, of vindictive retaliation; they were not the natural conſequence of a long oppreſſed people's breaking their chains, and riſing on their

their tyrants; all theſe excuſes (which I muſt allow were ſilly enough) are at once done away by this new juſtification; for, we are here told, in ſo many words, that the French people have ſhed rivers of each other's blood, in every part of their dominions, purely for the love—not of *liberty*, but of *the gold of Pitt*.

There is ſuch a natural connection between the meaſures of the ſeveral National Aſſemblies and the maſſacres that were the immediate conſequence of them, that it is impoſſible to effect a ſeparation, without the utmoſt violence to all manner of reaſoning and truth. If it was the *gold of Pitt* that paid for all the French blood that has been ſpilled, it muſt have been that gold that paid for the inhuman murder of Meſſrs. Launy and Fleſſel, and it muſt have been that gold which induced the conſtituent aſſembly to ſanction the murder, by giving the aſſaſſins of theſe gentlemen the title of *heroes* and *conquerors*, and by inſtituting a national feſtival in their honour.

The Revolution was begun, and has hitherto been maintained, by the ſhedding of innocent blood; therefore, if it was the *gold of Pitt* that paid for that blood, it is to the *gold of Pitt* that the Revolution is to be aſcribed, and not to that patriotic ſpirit and love of liberty, with which we have been ſo long amuſed. It has been inconteſtably proved, that the ſeveral National Aſſemblies authoriſed or approved of all the maſſacres which have diſgraced their country; if, then, theſe maſſacres were paid for by Mr. Pitt, muſt we not inevitably conclude that the National Aſſemblies were in the ſame pay? If Mr. Pitt paid for the blood of the family of Bourbon, for that of the king's guards, of the nobility, the clergy, the bankers, the merchants, in ſhort, of all the rich, or ariſtocrats, as they are called, it was Mr. Pitt who deſtroyed the monarchy; it was he who cauſed France to be called a Republic, and who gave riſe to the doctrine of equality. Thoſe, therefore, who talk of the *gold of Pitt*, muſt ceaſe all their fulſome eulogiums on theſe gallant

gallant republicans; for, if they are to have a republic, it will, according to their own confeſſions, be the work of the Engliſh miniſter.

This vindication, throwing the blame on the *gold of Pitt*, amply participates in the misfortune of all the vindications that have lately appeared amongſt us; that is, it takes up a bad cauſe, and makes it worſe. The reader will certainly feel, with me, an inexpreſſible indignation at a people, who, becauſe an hoſtile army was on their frontiers, could be prevailed on to butcher thouſands upon thouſands of their innocent countrymen; who could cut the throats of their fathers and mothers, rip up the bowels of women with child, and carry about the trophies of their baſe and ſavage triumph on the points of their pikes and bayonets; but what will be his feelings, what will contain his ſwelling heart, when he is told, that all this was undertaken and perpetrated for foreign gold? The revolutioniſts, by accuſing Mr. Pitt of being at the bottom of their maſſacres, do not perceive, without doubt, that they are heaping ten times ten-fold infamy on themſelves and their nation.

By alledging this influence of Britiſh gold, the writer I have above quoted reduces himſelf and the partizans of the revolution to a moſt diſtreſſing dilemma. He owns that rivers of French blood have flowed at Paris, in the departments, on the frontiers, and in the colonies; and he tells us, that this blood was paid for with the gold of Pitt. Now, admitting this to be true, this blood has been ſhed, and this gold received by *Frenchmen*. To what, then, will our author aſcribe this ſanguinary avarice? He muſt either aſcribe it to the *natural diſpoſition* of his countrymen, or *a change* in that natural diſpoſition, *produced by the revolution*. It is uncertain which of theſe he may chooſe, but it is very certain, chooſe which he will; that he has held up the character of his nation, or the principles of the revolution, to deteſtation and abhorrence. This is the way he has juſtified the French in the eyes of the people of this country. Infinitely better were it

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for ſuch juſtifiers to ſuffer the preſs to reſt in eternal inaction! All that a good Frenchman can do, is, to weep over the diſgrace of his country; for, ſo long as murder, horrid, barbarous, ſavage murder, ſhall admit of no excuſe, ſo long ſhall the actions of the French revolutioniſts remain unjuſtifiable.

It is more than probable, that a writer of this ſtamp might be willing to allow, that his countrymen were always naturally ferocious and bloody-minded, rather than confeſs that this diſpoſition has been produced by the principles of the revolution: for, patriots of this kind are ever ready to ſacrifice the honour of their country to the ſupport of their ſyſtems. But juſtice demands from us to reject with diſdain every ſuch concluſion. We have ſeen the French people ſprightly, beneficent, humane and happy; let us, now, follow them ſtep by ſtep into the awful oppoſite, and ſee for ourſelves, by what diabolical means the change has been affected.

The firſt National Aſſembly had hardly aſſumed that title, when they diſcovered an intention of overturning the government, which had been called together, and which their conſtituents had enjoined them to ſupport, and of levelling all ranks and diſtinctions among the different orders in the community. To this they were not led, as it had been ſo falſely pretended, by their love of liberty and deſire of ſeeing their country happy; but by envy, curſed envy, that will never let the fiery demagogue ſleep in peace, while he ſees a greater or richer than himſelf. It has been objected to this, that there were among the revolutioniſts men who already enjoyed diſtinguiſhed honours; but it is forgotten at the ſame time, that ambition will be at the top, or no where; that it will deſtroy itſelf with the envied object, rather than act a ſubaltern part. The motto of a demagogue is that of Milton's Satan: "Better to reign in hell than ſerve in heaven."

This taſk of deſtruction, was, however an arduous one. To tear the complicated work of fourteen centuries

centuries to pieces at once, to render honours dishonourable, and turn reverential awe into contempt and mockery, was not to be accompliſhed but by extraordinary means. It was evident that property muſt change hands, that the beſt blood of the nation muſt flow in torrents, or the project muſt fail. The Aſſembly, to arm the multitude on their ſide, broached the popular doctrine of *equality*. It was a neceſſary part of the plan of theſe reformers to ſeduce the people to their ſupport; and ſuch was the credulity of the unfortunate French, that they ſoon began to look on them as the oracles of virtue and wiſdom, and believed themſelves raiſed, by one ſhort ſentence iſſued by theſe ambitious impoſtors, from the ſtate of *ſubjects* to that of *ſovereigns*.

"I puniſhed" (ſays Solon, the Athenian lawgiver), "I puniſhed with death all thoſe aſpiring diſturbers of "the commonwealth, who, in order to domineer "themſelves, and lead the vulgar in their train, pre-"tended that all men were equal, and ſought to con-"found the different ranks in ſociety, by preaching "up a chimerical equality, that never did or can "exiſt." How happy would it have been for France, had there been ſome Solon endued with wiſdom and power enough to puniſh the political mountebanks of the Conſtituent Aſſembly! What dreadful carnage, what indelible diſgrace, the nation would have eſcaped! Hardly had the word *equality* been pronounced, when the whole kingdom became a ſcene of anarchy and confuſion. The name of liberty (I ſay the *name*, for the regenerated French have known nothing of it but the name)—The name of liberty had already half turned the heads of the people, and that of equality finiſhed the work. From the moment it ſounded in their ears, all that had formerly inſpired reſpect, all that they had reverenced and adored, even began to excite contempt and fury. Birth, beauty, old age, all became the victims of a deſtructive equality, erected into a law by an Aſſembly of ambitious tyrants, who

were

were ready to deſtroy every thing that croſſed their way to abſolute domination.

One of the immediate effects of the promulgation of this doctrine was the murder of Monſieur Foulon and his ſon-in-law Berthier; who, without ſo much as being charged with any crime, were taken by the people, conducted to Paris, and cruelly maſſacred. "I will ſay nothing (ſays Du Gour, in his eloquent Mémoire, p. 35.) I will ſay nothing of the ſavage cruelties committed on Foulon and Berthier; I will not repreſent the bloody head of the father-in-law, offered to the ſon to kiſs, preſſed againſt his lips, and afterwards put under his feet; I will not repreſent the inhuman aſſaſſins ruſhing on Berthier; tearing out his heart, and placing it, quivering and ſtill palpitating, on the table of the town hall, *before the magiſtrates* of the commune."—After this their heads were ſtuck on pikes, and the heart of Berthier on the point of a ſword. In this manner they were carried through the ſtreets, followed by the exulting populace (ſee Rabaut's Hiſtory of the French Revolution, page 117). Nor let it be pretended that the Aſſembly could not prevent this ſhameful, this bloody deed. They had the abſolute command of Paris at the time, and had two hundred thouſand armed men ready to obey their nod. But the Aſſembly never oppoſed the murder of thoſe whom they looked upon as their enemies; nay, Rabaut, their partial hiſtorian (who was one of their body), even juſtifies the murder.

When the word *equality* found its way to the colonies, it was only a ſignal for aſſaſſination. At Port-au-Prince, the Chevalier de Mauduit, a brave and generous officer, who rendered eſſential ſervices to his country during the laſt war, was murdered by his own ſoldiers. The villains had the inſolence to order him to kneel down before them: "No," ſaid he, like a ſoldier as he was, "It ſhall never be ſaid that Thomas "Mauduit bent his knee before a ſet of ſcoundrels."—His head was cut off; he was torn limb from limb; his bowels were trailed along the ſtreet, as butchers do

do thoſe of beaſts in a ſlaughter-houſe. The next morning the different members of his body, and morſels of his fleſh, were ſeen ſtrewed about oppoſite his houſe, and his bloody and ghaſtly head placed on the ſtep of the door-way. We know, we have before our eyes the proofs of what havock, diſtreſs, and deſtruction, this deteſtable word has ſince produced in the unfortunate iſland of St. Domingo.

It was now that the ſovereign people, entering on their reign, firſt took the famous plundering motto: "*War to the gentlemen's houſes, and peace to the cot-*"*tage;* or, in other words, *war to all thoſe who have* "*any thing to loſe.*" This motto is extremely comprehenſive; it includes the whole doctrine of equality. It was not a vain declaration in France; but was put in practice with that patriotic zeal which has marked the whole courſe of the revolution. To be rich or of a good family, became a crime, which was often expiated by the loſs of life. Men took as much pains to be thought obſcure vagabonds, as they had formerly done to be thought wealthy and of honeſt deſcent; and what diſtinguiſhes the French revolution from all others in the world, to have a ragged pair of breeches, or to be totally in want of that ſo neceſſary article of dreſs, was eſteemed the ſureſt mark of true patriotiſm, and was the greateſt recommendation to public favour.

But the National Aſſembly, though heartily ſeconded by myriads of ragged populace, knew, however, that they could not long depend upon ſuch a promiſcuous ſupport. The citizens were, therefore, to be ſoldiers at the ſame time, and placed under the command of the creatures of the Aſſembly. To this end the territory of the nation underwent a new diviſion, on the levelling plan. The provinces of France were melted down into a rude undigeſted maſs of departments, diſtricts, and municipalities. All the old magiſtrates were replaced by the vileſt wretches that could be found. There were forty-four thouſand municipalities; each of theſe had ſeveral municipal officers, and each of the latter his troop of revolutionary

myrmidons. There could not be leſs than three millions of men in arms, ready to burn, cut and flay, at a moment's warning. Nothing was to be ſeen or heard but the patrolling of theſe ſons of equality. The Aſſembly pretended to hold out the olive branch, while they were forming the nation into a camp. The peaceable man trembled for his life. One muſt have been an eye witneſs of the change produced by theſe meaſures, to have the leaſt idea of it. All was ſuſpicion and dread. The bell that had never rung but to call the peaceable villagers to the altar, was converted to a ſignal of approaching danger; and the tree, beneath which they had formerly danced, became an alarm poſt. The ragged greaſy magiſtrates, with their municipal troops at their heels, were for ever prowling about for their prey, the property of others. Theſe little platoons of cut-throats ranged the country round, crying havock, burning and laying waſte wherever they came. They had not yet begun to murder frequently, but it was of little conſequence to a man whether his brains were blown out or not, after having ſeen himſelf and family reduced, in the ſpace of a few hours, from affluence to beggary. A band of theſe enlightened ruffians went to the *chateau*, or country houſe of a gentleman in Provence, and demanded that his perſon ſhould be delivered into their hands. The ſervants defended the houſe for ſome time, but in vain; they advanced to the front door, when the lady of the houſe appeared with a child in her arms, and endeavoured to pacify them, ſaying that her huſband was gone out at the back door. The ruffians inſtantly ſet fire to the houſe. When the lady perceived this, ſhe confeſſed that her huſband was hidden in one of the garrets. The houſe was now on fire; ſhe left her child, and ruſhed through the flames to call her huſband from his retreat, but ſhe was ſtifled in the paſſage, and burnt to death, and her huſband ſhared in her fate, leaving a helpleſs infant to the mercy of the murderers of its father and mother.—A hundred volumes like this could not contain the horrors that theſe revolution-

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ary robbers committed in the name of liberty and equality.

Let this, ENGLISHMEN, be a leſſon to you; throw from you the doctrine of EQUALITY, as you would the poiſoned chalice. Wherever this deteſtable principle gains ground to any extent, ruin muſt inevitably enſue. Would you ſtifle the noble flame of emulation, and encourage ignorance and idleneſs? Would you inculcate defiance of the laws? Would you teach ſervants to be diſobedient to their maſters, and children to their parents? Would you ſow the ſeeds of envy, hatred, robbery, and murder? Would you break all the bands of ſociety aſunder, and turn a civiliſed people into a horde of ſavages? This is all done by the comprehenſive word EQUALITY.—But they tell us we are not to take it in the unqualified ſenſe. In what ſenſe are we to take it in then? Either it means ſomething more than liberty, or it means nothing at all. The miſconſtruction of the word *liberty* has done miſchief enough in the world; to add to it a word of a ſtill more dangerous extent, was to kindle a flame that can never be extinguiſhed but by the total debaſement, if not deſtruction of the ſociety, who are ſilly or wicked enough to adopt its uſe. We are told, that every government receives with its exiſtence the latent diſeaſe that is one day to accompliſh its death; but the government that is attacked with this political apoplexy is annihilated in the twinkling of an eye.

The civil diſorganization of the ſtate was but the forerunner of thoſe curſes which the Aſſembly had in ſtore for their devoted country. They plainly perceived, that they never ſhould be able to brutify the people to their wiſhes, without removing the formidable barriers of religion and morality. Their heads were turned, but it was neceſſary to corrupt their hearts.

Beſides this, the leaders in the Aſſembly were profeſſed modern Philoſophers; that is to ſay, atheiſts or deiſts. Camus and Condorcet openly taught

atheiſm, and Ceruti ſaid, with his laſt breath, "*the "only regret I have in quitting the world, is, that I "leave a religion on earth.*" Theſe words, the blaſphemy of an expiring demon, were applauded by the aſſembled legiſlators. It was not to be wondered at, that the vanity of ſuch men ſhould be flattered in the hope of changing a Chriſtian country into the moſt infidel upon the face of the earth; for, there is a ſort of fanaticiſm in irreligion, that leads the profligate atheiſt to ſeek for proſelytes with a zeal that would do honour to a good cauſe, but which, employed in a bad one, becomes the ſcourge of ſociety.

The zeal of theſe philoſophers for extirpating the truth was as great at leaſt as that ſhown by the primitive chriſtians for its propagation. But they proceeded in a very different manner. At firſt ſome circumſpection was neceſſary. The more effectually to deſtroy the chriſtian religion altogether, they began by ſapping the foundation of the catholic faith, the only one that the people had been taught to revere. They formed a ſchiſm with the church of Rome, well knowing that the opinions of the vulgar, once ſet afloat, were as likely to fix on atheiſm as on any other ſyſtem; and more ſo, as being leſs oppoſed to their levelling principles than the rigid though ſimple morality of the goſpel. A religion that teaches obedience to the higher powers, inculcates humility and peace, ſtrictly forbids robbery and murder, and, in ſhort, enjoins on men to do as they would be done unto, could by no means ſuit the armed ruffians, who were to accompliſh the views of the French Aſſembly.

The preſs, which was made free for the worſt of purpoſes, lent moſt powerful aid to theſe deſtructive reformers. While the catholic religion was ridiculed and abuſed, no other chriſtian ſyſtem was propoſed in its ſtead; on the contrary, the profligate wretches who conducted the public prints, among whom were Mirabeau, Marat, Condorcet, and Herbert, filled one half of their impious ſheets with whatever could be

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thought of to degrade all religion in general. The miniſters of divine worſhip, of every ſect and denomination, were repreſented as cheats, and as the avowed enemies of the ſublime and ſentimental ſomething, which the Aſſembly had in ſtore for the regeneration of the world.

Moſt of my readers muſt have heard of the magnificent church of St. Genviève, at Paris. It was one of the moſt noble ſtructures that the world had ever ſeen, and had beſides the honour of being conſecrated to the worſhip of Chriſt. This edifice the blaſphemers ſeized on as a receptacle for the remains of their "*great men.*" From a chriſtian church, they changed it into a pagan temple, and gave it the name of *Pantheon.* Condorcet, pre-eminent in infamy, propoſed the decree, by which the name of God and that of St. Genviève were ordered to be effaced from the frontiſpiece.

To this *Pantheon* the aſhes of Voltaire were firſt tranſported, and the Aſſembly ſpent no leſs than three days in determining whether thoſe of *Rouſſeau* ſhould not accompany them. This diſtinction, paid to two of the moſt celebrated deiſts of the age, was a full declaration of the principles, as well as the intention, of the majority of the Aſſembly.

Having thus prepared the public mind, the Aſſembly made a bold attack on the church. They diſcovered, by the light of philoſophy, that France contained too many churches, and, of courſe, too many paſtors. Great part of them were therefore to be ſuppreſſed, and to make the innovation go down with the people, all tythes were to be aboliſhed. The meaſure ſucceeded; but what did the people gain by the abolition of the tithes? Not a farthing; for, a tax of twenty *per cent.* was immediately laid on the lands in conſequence of it. The cheat was not perceived till it was too late.

But, the abolition of the tithes, the only motive of which was to debaſe the clergy in the opinions of the people, was but a trifle to what was to follow. The

religious orders, that is to ſay, the communities of monks and nuns, poſſeſſed immenſe landed eſtates, and theſe the honeſt Aſſembly had marked for their own. As a pretext for the ſeizure, they firſt decreed, that the wealth of the religious orders belonged to the nation, to that indefinite being, that exiſts every where and no where, and that has devoured all, without receiving any thing.

As this act of ſeizing the eſtates of the regular clergy was one of thoſe that gave a deciſive blow to property as well as religion in France, and one that has received the greateſt applauſes in this country, I ſhall enter a little at length into the flagrant injuſtice of it. Nor is the ſubject inapplicable to ourſelves; for, though there are no religious orders in America, there are many people of property, and it is of a violation of property that I here charge the Aſſembly.

How the eſtates of the religious orders became the property of a certain ſomebody called the nation, in 1791, is to me wholly inconceivable; ſeeing that there never was a time, when they belonged to that ſociety of men, now called the French. Great part of the monaſteries had been founded five, ſix, ſeven hundred years, and ſome above a thouſand years; before the moſt worthleſs of the French took it into their heads to be ſo many ſovereigns. The founders were men of pious and auſtere lives, who, wiſhing to retire from the world, obtained grants of uncultivated land, generally in ſome barren and ſolitary ſpot. There they formed little miſerable ſettlements, which, by their frugality and labour, in time became rich meadows, farms, and vineyards. A French hiſtorian, ſpeaking of St. Etienne, ſays: "In 1058, he retired to Cite-"aux, then a vaſt foreſt, inhabited only by wild beaſts. "Here, with the help of his followers, he built a mo-"naſtery of the wood of the foreſt; but, at firſt, it "was no more than a group of ſhabby huts. Every "thing bore the marks of extreme poverty: the croſs "was of wood, the cenſers of copper, and the candle-"ſticks of iron; all the ornaments were of coarſe "woolen

" woolen or linen. Labour was the only means of " ſubſiſtence with the monks of Citeaux. For many " years bread was their only food, and they were " often reduced to a ſcarcity of even that."

In time this foreſt became a cultivated and flouriſhing eſtate, and the ſucceſſors of the firſt proprietors were not only at their eaſe, but even rich. The monaſtery, which was at firſt but a clump of ill-ſhaped huts, built with the limbs of trees, bark and turf, was become a magnificent pile. The church was beautiful beyond deſcription. Inſtead of wood, and copper, and iron, the ſymbols of religion and the ſacred vaſes were now of gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones. This abbey, at the time of the ſeizure by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, had an annual revenue of 120,000 French livres, or, about L.6000 ſterling.

Now, I aſk any honeſt man, was this the property of the French nation, or not? By what rule of right, by what principle of law or juſtice, could this eſtate belong to any other than the *lawful* ſucceſſors of the firſt proprietors; that is to ſay, the poſſeſſors at the epoch of the ſeizure? No title ever framed by man could be ſo good as theirs. The community at Citeaux had never ceaſed to exiſt, nor for a ſingle moment ceaſed to keep poſſeſſion of their abbey and its dependencies. They had firſt obtained a lawful grant of the land, had cleared, cultivated, and enriched it; and had enjoyed an uninterrupted poſſeſſion during the ſpace of 732 years; but at the end of the *enlightened* eighteenth century, the *Age of Reaſon*, up ſtarts a horde of lazy worthleſs ruffians, calling themſelves the nation, and lay claim to their eſtates!

Bulteau, in ſpeaking of St. Benedict, ſays: " The " bodily labour ordered by this wiſe founder, was a " ſource of peace and tranquillity to the firſt monks, " and of opulence to their ſucceſſors. The monaſ- " teries were long an aſylum to thoſe Chriſtians who " fled from the oppreſſions of the Goths and Vandals. " The little learniug that remained in the barbarous

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" and dark ages was preſerved in the cloiſters. It is " to them we owe all the moſt precious remains of " antiquity, as well as many modern inventions."— Indeed, under the great diſpoſer of all events, it is to them we owe that we are Chriſtians; that we poſſeſs the word of God, our guide to eternal life. They not only preſerved this ineſtimable volume, but ſpread it in every country in the world. Without their agency, our anceſtors might have continued pagans; nay, we ourſelves, perhaps, might now have been ſacrificing our children in the hollow of a wicker-idol.—Every man of any reading knows, that the monaſteries have continued to enrich the world with learned and uſeful productions. Some of the writings that do the greateſt honour to the French nation, and to the human mind, have iſſued from the cloiſter. And yet, we have ſeen theſe men robbed of their eſtates, ſtripped of even their furniture, and their veſtments, driven from beneath their roofs, hunted like wild beaſts, and, what I am aſhamed to ſay, many of us have had the folly, or rather baſeneſs to applaud their unprincipled and blood-thirſty purſuers.

We are told that the monks were become too rich. Indeed this was their great offence in the eyes of an Aſſembly whoſe motto was: " War to the rich, and " peace to the cottager." But we have ſeen that the foundation of theſe riches was laid by the labour of their predeceſſors, and we may obſerve that they were augmented, not by oppreſſion, as has been falſely aſſerted, but by a prudent management of their eſtates. Thoſe communities that cultivated their own lands were noted for the excellent manner of their cultivation, and for the ſuperior quality of their produce; and thoſe that rented out their farms let them at a low rate, ſo as to enable the farmer to enrich the land at the ſame time that he enriched himſelf. It was by ſuch means that their eſtates became the moſt valuable in the country, a circumſtance that poor ſhallow-headed Paine has brought againſt them as a heinous offence.

offence. They were gentle, humane maſters and landlords; a man looked upon his fortune as made, when he became the tenant of a religious order.

And, how were theſe riches ſpent? Not in horſes and coaches; people ſhut up in a cloiſter had no uſe for theſe. Not in balls and plays; for there they could never appear. Not in rich attire and coſtly repaſts; for the greateſt part of them were clothed worſe than common beggars, and were forbidden the uſe of meat, and even of wine, the common drink of their country. Their riches did not go to aggrandize their families; becauſe, as no individual could poſſeſs any thing, ſo he could bequeath or diſpoſe of nothing. Who, then, profited from theſe riches?—Go aſk the poor, who were happy in the neighbourhood of their convents. Go aſk the aged, the infirm, the widow and the orphan: and aſk them, too, what aid and conſolation they have received from the thieving philoſophers of the Revolution.

This charge, of being *too rich*, is the moſt abſurd as well as the moſt vile that could poſſibly be invented. Do we ſay to a man, who has acquired an immenſe fortune by the labour of his father, or by any other means, You are *too rich*, and therefore your property belongs to the nation?—There is a community at Bethlehem, very much reſembling thoſe we have been here ſpeaking of. What ſhould we think of a ſcoundrel legiſlator, who ſhould propoſe to ſtrip theſe people of their property, and turn them out to beg their bread, merely becauſe the value of their lands is increaſed? Such was he who firſt propoſed the ſeizure of the church lands in France.

Some of the convents in France had been founded by lay perſons, upon ſuch and ſuch conditions; and, in caſe of failure on the part of the community, the property was to revert to the heirs of the donor. Foundations of this kind were exactly reſembling thoſe we frequently ſee among us, of hoſpitals, ſeminaries, &c. and the deeds were ſtill in exiſtence at the time of the ſeizure; but an Aſſembly that paid

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no reſpect to a right of preſcription, founded on a thouſand years of uninterrupted poſſeſſion, could not be expected to pay attention to the contents of a bit of old parchment.

We ought not to be aſtoniſhed at hearing the author of *The Age of Reaſon* attempt to juſtify this act of impudent fraud; but let us ſee how this doctrine would ſuit, if applied to ourſelves; for this is the only way to determine on its merits. Suppoſe (which God forbid!) the principles of the French Revolution ſhould be adopted by our Legiſlature, and they ſhould declare all the meeting houſes, ſeminaries, hoſpitals, &c. together with the eſtates which have been left for their ſupport, *the property of the nation*, how ſhould we receive this? Suppoſe an army of cut-throats ſhould be ſent to the Friends Meeting-houſe, and thruſt them out with the points of their bayonets; ſuppoſe another ſhould go to the Epiſcopal church, drive the congregation from the altar, ſtrip the miniſter of his caſſock, ſeize on the ſacramental cup, and turn the church into a ſtable; I aſk, how ſhould we like this?—But, we are told, there is a vaſt difference; that the monks were ſuperſtitious drones, uſeleſs to ſociety.—Ah! let us beware. Let us take care not to condemn, becauſe we are proteſtants, a religion that differs from our own in form only; a religion that has yet more votaries than any other Chriſtian profeſſion can boaſt of. And, as to the religious orders being uſeleſs to ſociety, we have no proofs of this, but ſtrong preſumptive ones of the contrary; for, we know, that France was great and happy, that it had been increaſing in extent, wealth, and population, ſince the exiſtence of thoſe communities. However, I can by no means take upon me to prove the public utility of the monaſtic life; nor is it neceſſary; for, if no man is to poſſeſs property, unleſs he can prove his utility to ſociety, I am afraid that few of us would be ſecure. How many hundreds of proprietors do we ſee, who are much *worſe* than uſeleſs to ſociety! Surely the public is as much benefited by a man

man who ſpends his life in a convent, as by one who ſpends it in a tavern, at a billiard table, or in a play-houſe. Thouſands and thouſands there are who never worked a ſtroke, nor ſtudied a ſingle hour; vegetating mortals, who ſeem to live only to eat and drink, and be carried about. Yet we have never thought of ſeizing their eſtates. No: utility or inutility has nothing to do with the matter: the queſtion before us is a ſimple queſtion of right. Whether monks were neceſſary or uſeful in France, or not, we know there were ſuch people, and that they poſſeſſed property legally acquired; and every honeſt man, capable of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, will hold in ahhorrence the Aſſembly that dared to rob them of it.

When we hear of ſuch crying acts of injuſtice as this, we are naturally led to inquire who were the firſt promoters of them. The reader will be aſtoniſhed to hear, that the decree for this national robbery was firſt propoſed by a biſhop. Of a hundred and thirty-eight French biſhops, there were only four to be found, who would give their approbation to this deed, and one of theſe four was he who propoſed the decree. The Abbé Barruel ſpeaks of him in the following terms: "The Aſſembly thought it high time "to conſummate their deſigns upon the church, by "ſeizing what ſtill remained of its poſſeſſions. This "meaſure was ſo evidently contrary to every princi-"ple of juſtice and common honeſty, that it was not "eaſy to find a man ſo totally loſt to every ſentiment "of humanity as to bring it forward. This ſecond "Judas was at laſt found in the college of the apoſ-"tles. This was Taillerand Perigord, biſhop of Au-"tun.—This Perigord poſſeſſed all the baſeneſs, all "the vices of a Jew."——See *Hiſtory of the French Clergy*, p. 15.

To obtain the ſanction of the people to this act, they were told, that the wealth of the church would not only pay off the national debt, but render taxes in future unneceſſary. No deception was ever ſo bare-

barefaced as this; but even this was not wanted; for the people themſelves had already begun to taſte the ſweets of plunder. Avarice tempted the trading part of the nation to approve of the meaſure. At the time of paſſing the decree, they were ſeen among the firſt to applaud it. They ſaw an eaſy means of obtaining thoſe fine rich eſtates, the poſſeſſion of which they had, perhaps, long coveted. In vain they were told, that the purchaſer would partake in the infamy of the robbery; that, if the title of the communities could not render property ſecure, the ſame property could never be ſecure under any title the plunderers could give. In vain they were told, that in ſanctioning the ſeizure of the wealth of others, they were ſanctioning the ſeizure of their own, whenever that all-devouring monſter, the ſovereign people, ſhould call on them for it. In vain were they told all this: they purchaſed: they ſaw with pleaſure the plundered clergy driven from their dwellings; but ſcarcely had they taken poſſeſſion of their ill-gotten wealth, when not only that, but the remains of their other property, were wrenched from them. Since that we have ſeen decree upon decree launched forth againſt the rich: their account books have been ſubmitted to public examination: they have been obliged to give draughts for the funds they poſſeſſed even in foreign countries; all their letters have been intercepted and read. How many hundreds of them have we ſeen led to the ſcaffold, merely becauſe they were proprietors of what their ſovereign ſtood in need of! Theſe were acts of unexampled tyranny; but, as they reſpected the perſons who applauded the ſeizure of the eſtates of the church, they were *perfectly juſt*. Several of theſe avaricious purchaſers have been murdered within the walls of thoſe buildings, whence they had aſſiſted to drive the lawful proprietors: this was *juſt*: it was the meaſure they had meted to others. They ſhared the fate of the injured clergy, without ſharing the pity which that fate excited. When dragged forth to ſlaughter in their turn, they were left without even

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the right of complaining: the laſt ſtab of the aſſaſſin was accompanied with the cutting reflection, that it was *juſt*.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, as it is, perhaps, the moſt ſtriking and moſt awful example of the conſequences of a violation of property, that the world ever ſaw. Let it ſerve to warn all thoſe who wiſh to raiſe their fortunes on the ruin of others, that, ſooner or later, their own turn muſt come. From this act of the Conſtituent Aſſembly, we may date the violation, in France, of every right that men ought to hold dear. Hence the ſeizure of all gold and ſilver as the property of the nation: hence the law preventing the ſon to claim the wealth of his father: hence the abominable tyranny of requiſitions, and hence thouſands and thouſands of the murders, that have diſgraced unhappy France.

Since the ſeizure of the church eſtates, there has not, in fact, been any ſuch thing as private property in France; for, though the Conſtituent Aſſembly did not paſs a decree of this import, they knew perfectly well how to paſs decrees and eſtabliſh regulations amounting to the ſame thing. Some of their enormous contributions on the rich were called *patriotic gifts;* but he who refuſed to pay the *gift* inſerted in the liſt, knew he had but a few hours to live. The money and jewels depoſited at the bar of the Aſſembly, and on the altar of the country, amounted to immenſe ſums. Theſe were held out as a proof of general approbation of their meaſures; but had the Aſſembly been candid, they would have confeſſed, that theſe offerings were the pure effect of fear, of a panic that had ſeized all the proprietors in the nation, and that each giver's hatred to their cauſe might be meaſured by the ſum he depoſited. It was not a grateful, free-will offering, but a ſacrifice, that the trembling wretch came to offer at the ſhrine of tyranny, in order to ſave his houſe from the flames, or his own head, or that of ſome dear relation or parent from the ſcaffold. Could a man, reduced to acts like this, be ſaid to poſſeſs any thing?

The ſucceſſor of the Conſtituent Aſſembly laid aſide the maſk, as no longer neceſſary. On the 13th of March, 1794, all the merchants of Bourdeaux (known for one of the moſt infamouſly patriotic towns in the kingdom) were arreſted in one day, and condemned, in preſence of the guillotine, to a fine of *one hundred millions* of French livres, upwards of *four* millions ſterling. On the 18th of April, the rich banker, La Borde, after having *purchaſed his life eight times*, was guillotined, and the remainder of his riches confiſcated. On the 10th of May, twenty-ſeven rich Farmers-General were executed, becauſe they had amaſſed riches under the monarchy. Finally, on the 27th of June, all property, of whatever deſcription, was decreed *to belong to the nation*, and was put in a ſtate of requiſition accordingly, as the *perſons* of the whole of the inhabitants had been before.

The milk-and-water admirers of the Conſtituent Aſſembly pretend to be ſhocked at theſe meaſures; but what are theſe meaſures more than an improvement on thoſe of that Aſſembly? The progreſs was not only natural, but even neceſſary to the ſupport of the revolution. Had there been ſtill church-eſtates to ſeize, and monks to murder, is is probable that the tyrants who have ſucceeded the Conſtituent Aſſembly, would not have ſurpaſſed their predeceſſors; but, that ſource being exhauſted, they were obliged to find out others, or return to order and obedience. And I ſhould be glad to know, if the property of one individual, or one ſociety, was become the property of the ſovereign people by virtue of a decree of one Aſſembly, why the ſame claim ſhould not be made to the property of other individuals, or other ſocieties. Nor can I believe, whatever Atheiſts and Deiſts may ſay to the contrary, that it was any more unjuſt to guillotine Bankers and Merchants, or even members of the Conſtituent Aſſembly, than to guillotine or maſſacre poor, defenceleſs, friendleſs Prieſts.—There is ſuch an intimate connection

connection between the ſecurity of property, and that of the perſon to whom that property belongs, that one can never be ſaid to be ſafe, while the other is in danger. Tyrant princes, tyrant aſſemblies, or tyrant mobs, when once they are ſuffered to take away with impunity the property of the innocent man, will feel little ſcruple at taking away his life alſo.—Robbery and murder are the natural auxiliaries of each other, and, with a people rendered ferocious and hardened by an infidel ſyſtem that removes all fear of an hereafter, they muſt for ever be inſeparable.

Before the decree was paſſed for the aſſumption of the eſtates of the regular clergy, every calumny that falſehood could invent, and every vexation that tyranny could enforce, were employed to debaſe the whole body of the clergy, and the religion they taught. Songs and caricatures were ſung, or hawked about, by ſhameleſs ſtrumpets in the pay of the Aſſembly. In theſe not only the clerical functions and the lives of the clergy were ridiculed, but even the life of Jeſus Chriſt and the Virgin Mary. The Incarnation of our Saviour became the ſubject of a *farce*, in the ſmutty language of Pariſian fiſh-women. Who were the characters in this farce, I leave the ſhuddering reader to conceive.

A decree, in form of an *invitation**, was iſſued, for bringing the gold and ſilver from the churches to the mint. It was well known, that there were none of theſe metals in the churches, except the vaſes, the crucifixes, and other ſymbols, hitherto held ſacred. What an effect the coining up of theſe muſt have on the minds of the giddy multitude, is

* "Invitations from ſuperiors," ſays ſome one, "ſavour "ſtrongly of commands." This was ſo much the caſe in the preſent inſtance, that the prieſt who dared to diſobey, was ſure to expiate his diſobedience with his life. The magiſtrates often entered the church, and ſeized the chalices on the altar, during the celebration of the maſs. Such are revolutionary invitations.

not difficult to imagine. Many, however, even of the moſt depraved, felt a momentary horror; but this horror the Aſſembly knew how to do away. Hundreds, I might ſay thouſands, of abandoned ſcribblers were employed to propagate the new principles. Their little filthy ditties were ſpread through all the departments, at the expence of the nation. Some of theſe were catechiſms in rhyme, in which the conſtitution was ſubſtituted for God, the aſſembly for the ſaints, and both recommended to the adoration of the French patriots. The journal or letter, as it was called, of Père du Chêne, written by one Hebert, and of which it is ſaid fifty thouſand copies were ſtruck off daily, was ſent into the towns and villages by the carriers of the decrees of the aſſembly. This Hebert, whoſe ſtrumpet has ſince been adored at Paris, as the Goddeſs of Reaſon, was a profeſſed atheiſt. His journal contained the moſt outrageous abuſe of all that was reſpectable and ſacred, interlarded with oaths and execrations without number. I have one now before me, which has for title: "*Lettre du véritable Père du Chêne, bougrement "patriotique*": in Engliſh: "Letter of the true Fa-"ther du Chêne b—gerly patriotic." I would here inſert an extract from this letter; but, I truſt, I ſhall be believed, when I ſay, the contents are fully anſwerable to the title. Such were the agents of Condorcet and his colleagues: thus did they corrupt the morals of the people; thus did they lead them from one degree of vice to another; thus were they hardened up to rob and to murder; and thus did the boaſted Conſtituent Aſſembly lay the foundation of all thoſe horrors we have ſince heard of.

The magiſtrates in the different municipalities, choſen from the ſcum of the nation, diſtributed theſe infernal writings among the people in their precincts, and particularly among the young people. If by chance, ſome magiſtrate was found too ſcrupulous to execute their will, means were ſoon invented to get rid of him. Some pretext or other was never wanting

ing to excite the mob to put an end to him and his reſiſtance. Chatel, Mayor of St. Denys, was one of this deſcription. The mob were told that this man was the cauſe of the dearneſs of bread. They flew to his houſe, and obliged him to reduce the price according to their will, though it was well known that he had not the power to reduce it at all, unleſs at his own expence. The rabble were diſperſing; but they had not fulfilled the bloody wiſhes of the revolutionary agents, who had nothing leſs in view than the lowering of the price of bread. They were inſtigated to return to the unfortunate magiſtrate. Firſt, they attempted to hang him; but, wearied with his reſiſtance, one of them took out his knife, and cut his head partly off, while ſeveral others pricked him with their bayonets. The unhappy victim was ſtill alive after the back of his neck was cut aſunder, and was heard to groan out: "*For heaven's ſake, kill me! kill me! you make me ſuffer too long!*"—The ſanguinary villain, who had begun to cut his head off, now threw away his knife, and borrowed that of his comrade, with which he finiſhed the work. When he found that his own knife was not ſufficient, he ſaid, with a cool indifference, "*Lend me your knife, for mine is not worth a curſe.*"—That which was lent him was a little two-penny knife with a wooden handle. During this time other aſſaſſins gave him ſeveral ſtabs, with their knives, in the belly and ſtomach; one of them turned his knife ſlowly in the flank of the dying man, and ſaid to him, laughing: "*Does that enter well? Don't you find the day-light peep into you?*"—He at laſt expired, after the moſt inconceivable torments. His body was dragged along the ſtreet of St. Denys, with his head tied to his feet. A reſolution of the town has ſince declared him *innocent of any offence whatever*; he had given abundant aſſiſtance to the poor the winter before: the diminution he had juſt made in the price of bread was at his own expence; and this barbarous puniſhment was his recompence. His wife went diſtracted, and has ever ſince been in

a mad-houſe. His aſſaſſins obtained pardon from the Aſſembly; a circumſtance much leſs ſurpriſing, than that they ſhould think it neceſſary to aſk it. See Du Cour's Mémoire, page 57.

Examples of this kind, and ſuch were wanting in very few parts of the country, could not fail to enſure an implicit obedience on the part of the magiſtrates.

The debaſement of religion was nearly completed by the public ſale of the ſuppreſſed churches and monaſteries. The groſſeſt indecency preſided at all theſe demoniac ſcenes. When the vile agent of the Aſſembly, hammer in hand, had exhauſted his auctioneer rhetoric, in recommending a church as an excellent barn, ſtable, or play-houſe, it was knocked down to the baſe and avaricious ſpeculator, while the hireling mob ſhouted applauſe. The church of St. Aldegone at St. Omer's, the higheſt in that ancient town, and for hundreds of years the pride of its inhabitants, was ſold to a Jew of Dunkirk, for the pitiful ſum of 20,000 French livres in aſſignats, not more than L.200 ſterling, nor half the coſt of one of the pillars. This beautiful edifice, by the ſpire of which the town was known at a great diſtance, had been choſen for deſtruction, that the humiliation of religion might be the more ſtriking. It met with ſuch treatment as might be expected from the hands of an infidel. Its lofty ſpire was tumbled to the earth in leſs than a month: the body of the church was turned into a rope-walk; and the Jew proprietor, to complete the degradation of Chriſtianity, left a repreſentation of the Lord's Supper uneffaced in the chancel. What muſt be the grief, what the indignation of the thinking and pious part of the inhabitants of St. Omer's, thus to ſee their favourite church, the ſanctuary of their God, and the God of their fathers, delivered, for a bundle of depreciated paper-money, into the hands of a deſcendant of the murderers of him, to whoſe worſhip it was conſecrated!

To give the reader a juſt idea of the ribaldry of the

ſcenes

ſcenes of brutal impiety, exhibited at the pillage of the convents, is totally impoſſible. A dozen or two of carts rattling along, with a commiſſary at their head, followed by an eſcort of ragamuffins, decorated with a bit of three-coloured ribbon, and armed with hammers, axes, crow-bars and ſpades, generally formed the corps for ſuch an expedition. Hardly were the doors opened, when the vaults rang with their hammering and their oaths. In a few hours the whole was gutted. The decorations of the altar, the prieſt's veſtments, ſtatues, pictures, books, manuſcripts, the moſt precious pieces of antiquity, the productions of long and laborious lives of ſtudy, were hauled away as ſo much rubbiſh. The paintings on the doors, walls, cielings, and other fixtures, were effaced or disfigured; the fury of the enlightened ruffians deſcended even to the graves of the deceaſed fathers.

At the expulſion of the nuns, the conduct of the revolutioniſts, was, if poſſible, ſtill more ſwiniſh and cruel. While the gibing commiſſary pulled aſide their veils to examine their faces, his blackguard attendants congratulated them on the *pleaſures* they were going to enjoy in the world, and this in a language calculated to raiſe a bluſh on the cheek of a common ſtreet-walker. They ſeemed to enjoy their tears, and even to make ſome ſacrifices to augment them. Had any one a piece of needle-work which ſhe wiſhed to preſerve, it was rent to pieces before her face. A ſinging bird that had the misfortune to have been the companion of the ſolitary hours of its miſtreſs, was ſure to be taken from her and killed. To theſe dejected and defenceleſs females every inſult and indignity was offered, not forgetting the laſt of which beaſtly liberties can be guilty.

In a country where the crucifix was ſent to the mint, where churches were put up at auction, where the half-worn caſſock, the ſurplice, and the veil, made part of the aſſortment of a dealer in old cloaths, and were expoſed to public ſale in the market-place; where the miniſters of the goſpel were ſcoffed at, reviled

viled at, and frequently murdered with as little ceremony as one would kill a dog; where the moſt daring blaſphemies were uttered and publiſhed and ſpread through the country, not only with the permiſſion of its governors, but by their direction; in a country where all this was practiſed, religion could not be of long duration. Religion, and even the Catholic religion, did, however, ſtill ſubſiſt in France, at leaſt in *form*. The Aſſembly had as yet paſſed no poſitive decree for its abolition. They had robbed the church, had ſtripped its altars, and degraded its miniſters; but ſtill the moſt pious and active of thoſe miniſters were left in the exerciſe of their functions. The parochial clergy, though deprived of the tithes, had a ſtipend allowed them. They yet remained with their pariſhioners, many of whom, indeed nearly all the elderly and ſober part of them, continued as firmly attached to their paſtors as at any former period.

Things were not ſuffered to remain long in this ſtate. The Conſtituent Aſſembly well knew, that they and religion could never exiſt for any length of time in the ſame country. The parochial clergy were men of talents and induſtry. They generally decided all the little diſputes between their pariſhioners; to which amiable capacity, they often joined that of phyſician or ſurgeon; and theſe their beneficent ſervices were always rendered without fee or reward. Even the atheiſts and deiſts themſelves had repeatedly acknowledged their virtuous modeſty, and the great utility they were of to the community at large. Such a body of men, immoveably attached to the religion they taught, was truly formidable to the new tyrants. Religion had received a ſevere blow; but if theſe men retained their cures, it might recover. Nay, what was ſtill more dreadful, the monarchy itſelf might recover along with it; and it is not difficult to conceive, how an idea like this muſt haunt the minds of the pupils of the ſavage and impious Diderot, who hoped to ſee "the laſt of kings ſtrangled with the guts "of the laſt of prieſts." In ſhort, the parochial clergy

gy were the only men on earth they had now to fear, and theſe they got rid of by a ſtratagem worthy of an Aſſembly, the leaders of which joined to the moſt hardened wickedneſs the profoundeſt diſſimulation.

They laid aſide the *Rights of Man*, together with the famous conſtitution from which they took the adjunct to their name, and which we have ſince ſeen burnt by the hands of the common hangman (or rather common guillotiner) in that very city of Paris, where it had been iſſued amidſt the applauſes and even adorations of the populace. They laid aſide the diſcuſſion of this inſtrument of ſhort-lived and ridiculous memory, to draw up another, which they were pleaſed to call "the Civic Conſtitution of the Clergy."— They were conſtitution-mad, abſolutely frantic.

It might be ſufficient to ſay of this latter conſtitution, that it was juſt as ſubverſive of religion as their other conſtitution was of every principle of government and ſound policy. They knew it to be in direct oppoſition to the very nature of the catholic religion: yet they had the aſſurance to tell the people, that it was not: they even went ſo far as to proteſt, that they would live and die in the religion of their forefathers, at the very moment when they were taking the ſureſt meaſure in the world for deſtroying it. They were led to this hypocritical declaration from a fear that the body of the people were not yet ripe for a total abolition of religion; and, as we ſhall ſee in the ſequel, this fear was not entirely unfounded.— By perſuading the people, that nothing was intended againſt their faith, they had an additional handle againſt the clergy, by repreſenting them as unfriendly to their "Civil Conſtitution," merely becauſe it was neceſſary to the ſupport of the *Rights of Man*.

This inſtrument did not, however, paſs into a law without conſiderable reſiſtance. There were yet ſome honeſt and virtuous men even among the members of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. Theſe had remained with them, not to aid in overturning the government, and

effecting

effecting the dreadful revolution that has ſince rendered the country a ſlaughter-houſe, but to oppoſe the deſtructive meaſures of the philoſophers, and, if poſſible, ſave the ſinking ſtate. At the head of theſe was the learned and eloquent Abbé Maury. He oppoſed this "Civil Conſtitution" with all the powers of reaſoning, and all the charms of eloquence: but it was caſting pearls before ſwine. When was an atheiſt open to conviction? The decree paſſed, and was ſoon after followed by another, obliging the clergy to ſwear to obſerve and maintain the "Civic Conſtitution." This oath they could not take, without breaking that which they had taken at entering into the prieſthood; and that the Aſſembly had every reaſon to ſuppoſe they would not do. Whether they did or not, however, the end of their tyrants was anſwered: if they refuſed, they were to be driven from their livings; if they complied, they muſt be looked upon as apoſtates, and be deſerted by all thoſe who were ſtill attached to them. In either caſe the tottering remains of religion muſt come to the ground. The clergy, and indeed the whole nation, and all Europe, ſaw the real object of this inhuman and impious decree; but the Aſſembly, ſurrounded with their *enlightened* myrmidons, the Pariſian mob, bid defiance to earth and heaven.

Generally ſpeaking, the clergy were reſolved not to take the oath. "Loſe no time," ſaid the Abbé Maury, "in the delivery of your challenge. By "ſhedding our blood, you may ingratiate yourſelves "with your conſtituents. Loſe, then, not a ſingle "moment. Your victims are here; they are ready. "To their torments add not that of ſuſpence. Why "not vote at once for our execution, glut your hat"red, and quench for a little your thirſt for blood? "Haſten, I ſay, while the power is in your hands; "for remember, I now foretel, *your reign will be of "ſhort duration.*"

This prophetic addreſs, which we have ſeen ſo fully verified, ſerved only to inflame. Eight days only

only were given to the clergy to determine on compliance or refuſal, during which no ſtratagem that baſe and degenerate tyranny could deviſe, was left uneſſayed to intimidate them. This was ever their practice, when they had an important blow to ſtrike. Rochefoucauld (formerly a duke) declared, at the time the decree for the ſeizure of the monaſteries was under deliberation, that "*the lives of the biſhops* "*and prieſts in the Aſſembly depended upon the paſ-* "*ſing of it:*" and, in order to ſilence all thoſe who oppoſed it, a liſt of their names was ſtuck upon the walls, with a promiſe of a reward of "twelve hund- "red livres *to any patriot who would aſſaſſinate them.*" According to this laudable cuſtom, this inſtance of French liberty, when the day for taking the oath, or, as it was well termed, "the forſwearing day," arrived, the Aſſembly took care to call in the aid of the fiſh-women and mob. "*To the lamp-poſt with the* "*non-juring biſhops and prieſts!*" was echoed from the ſtreets and the galleries. The ruffians were prepared for murder, and were howling for their prey, like ſo many wolves round a ſheep-fold.

Let the reader imagine himſelf in the ſituation of one of theſe unfortunate clergymen; an oath of apoſtacy before him, and a halter behind his back; and then let him give me his opinion of the *Rights of Man.*

This did not intimidate the clergy; only thirty of whom could be prevailed on to ſubmit, and theſe were already known to have abandoned their religion. When the oath was tendered to the biſhop of Agen, "Gentle- "men," ſaid he, "I lament not the loſs of my for- "tune; but there is another loſs which I ſhould ever "lament, the loſs of your eſteem and my faith. I "could not fail to loſe both, if I took the oath now "propoſed to me." The old biſhop of Poitiers, fearing he might loſe ſo fair an opportunity of bearing teſtimony of his ſincerity, advanced to the tribune, and calling on the preſident to command ſilence, "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "I am ſeventy years old; I

"have

" have been thirty years a biſhop: I will never diſ-
" grace my grey hairs by an oath of apoſtacy." Upon this manly declaration of the reverend old prelate, the clergy roſe from their ſeats, thanked him for his example, and told the Aſſembly he had expreſſed their unanimous ſentiments.

Not being a Roman Catholic, I hope I ſhall be excuſed, when I freely declare, that I much queſtion, whether the miniſters of any Proteſtant communion, in a moment ſo terrible, ſurrounded with aſſaſſins, and without a ſingle friend, would have ſhown *ſuch* a noble intrepidity. " They have loſt their money," ſaid the profligate Mirabeau, on this occaſion, " *but* " *they have ſaved their honour.*" And, if this was the caſe, what had the Aſſembly done? If, to *preſerve honour*, it was neceſſary to refuſe an obedience to their decrees, what ſort of decrees muſt thoſe be?

The Aſſembly were diſconcerted by this firm reſiſtance on the part of the clergy; they knew the clergy in general would never take the oath, but they did not imagine that thoſe amongſt themſelves would, amidſt the vociferations of their cannibals, have the courage to give ſuch a poſitive denial. For a moment they felt abaſhed; but they were gone too far to think of retreating. The apoſtate Abbé Gregoire, whom we have ſince ſeen amongſt the organizers of a pagan feſtival, was, on this occaſion, choſen to convince the clergy, that the oath might be taken without any violation of their faith. After this, in order to deprive the clergy of an opportunity of defending their opinions in oppoſition to the oath, they were ordered to advance, and take it at once. This decree had no effect:—not a man advanced. Now the matter was brought to a point: the decree for enforcing the oath muſt be repealed, or the clergy muſt be driven from their livings, and thoſe in the Aſſembly from their ſeats. It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that the latter was adopted; one tyrannical meaſure is the natural and inevitable conſequence of another.

A decree was now paſſed for the expulſion of all

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the nonjuring biſhops and prieſts, and for the chooſing of others in their ſtead. From this day, it may be ſaid, there was no ſuch thing as an eſtabliſhed religion in France. The axe had long been laid to the root of the tree; it was ready to fall, and this ſtroke levelled it with the earth.

Had the diſpute been about this or that tenet, had the oath been impoſed with the intention of exchanging one religion for another, the caſe would have been different; the expulſion might have taken place without any conſiderable injury to the morals of the people: But, the ſtruggle was that of religion againſt irreligion, that of Chriſtianity againſt atheiſm.

It was (I hope it is ſo no longer) the opinion of Dr. Prieſtley, and many other *philoſophical divines*, that *any change whatever* was preferable to the continuation of the catholic religion in France. There is a paſſage in Moore's Journal, which contains ſo complete an anſwer to every thing theſe gentlemen have advanced on this ſubject, that I am ſurprized, conſidering the principles of the journaliſt and his companion Lauderdale, that it ever found a place in that volume.

The Doctor being in Abbéville, met with a proteſtant clergyman, whom he congratulated on the deliverance of himſelf and his brethren from the vexation of Romiſh perſecution. The clergyman ſeemed to lament, that along with the ſpirit of perſecution, that of religion daily diminiſhed. "Upon which," ſays the Doctor, "I obſerved, that, as nothing could be more "oppoſite to true religion than a ſpirit of perſecution, "the former, it was to be hoped, would return with- "out the latter; but, in the mean time, the proteſtants "were happy in not only being tolerated in the exer- "ciſe of their religion, but alſo on being rendered ca- "pable of enjoying every privilege and advantage "which the catholics themſelves enjoy."

"We are not allowed thoſe advantages," reſumed the clergyman, "from any regard they bear to our re- "ligion, but from a total indifference for their own."

" Whatever may be the cauſe," replied I, " the ef-
" fect is the ſame with regard to you."

" No," ſaid he, " the effect might be better, not
" only with reſpect to us, but to all France: for the
" ſpirit of perſecution might have diſappeared, with-
" out an indifference for all religion coming in its
" place: and in that caſe there would have been more
" probability of the true religion gaining ground; for
" it is eaſier to draw men from an erroneous doctrine
" to a true one, than to impreſs the truths of religion
" on minds which deſpiſe all religion whatever."

" But although you may not be able to make con-
" verts of them," I replied, " ſtill you may live hap-
" py among them, in the quiet poſſeſſion of your own
" religion, and all your other advantages."

" I doubt it much," reſumed he; " being perſuad-
" ed that, in a country where religious ſentiments are
" effaced from the minds of the bulk of the people,
" crimes of the deepeſt guilt will prevail in ſpite of all
" the reſtraints of law."

How fully, alas! has the opinion of this good clergyman been confirmed! Here we ſee a man living upon the ſpot, a Frenchman and a proteſtant, lamenting the decay of the catholic religion, and trembling for the conſequences. This man plainly perceived the drift of the philoſophical legiſlators: he ſaw that the deſtruction of all religion was their object, while they pretended to be correcting its abuſes.—Very far was he from ſaying, with our zealous reformers, " that any change was preferable to the continuation of popery;" and yet, I think we ought to allow him to be as much intereſted in a change, and as good a judge of its conveniences and inconveniences, as perſons on this ſide the ſea; except, indeed, that he might not be *enlightened* by the rays of modern philoſophy.

From this digreſſion we muſt return to the expulſed clergy. The pariſh prieſts generally followed the example of their biſhops in refuſing to take the oath. Others were, of courſe, appointed to replace them. Taillerand Perigord, whom we have ſeen propoſing the

aſſumption

aſſumption of the church eſtates, was now become a ſort of Pope to the modern church, and was buſily employed laying *unholy hands* on the heads of the new biſhops. Gobet, one of the four biſhops who had forſworn themſelves, was rewarded for his apoſtacy by the biſhoprick of Paris. Vagabond philoſophical abbés, who had never been able to obtain admittance into the prieſthood under the old government, were not only accepted, but ſought after. To theſe were added the ſecular prieſts and monks who had apoſtatized. Even the wretches who had been expulſed from their cures, or orders, for irregular or criminal conduct, were now called in from Germany and the Low Countries. What a ſight muſt it be to thoſe who yet preſerved ſome reſpect for their religion and their country, to ſee theſe ſtrollers, with their ſtrumpets at their heels, returning to take on them the care of the morals and ſouls of a numerous people! After all, the number of apoſtates was inſufficient; a great many pariſhes remained without any prieſts at all.

The inſtalment of the new prieſts was commonly, not to ſay always, attended with tumult and violence. Many of their predeceſſors were knocked down, ſtabbed, or ſhot at their church doors, the day or day the after they had refuſed to conform. The prieſt of the village of Spet-Saux, while he was explaining to his pariſhioners his reaſons for refuſing to take the oath, received a muſket ball in his breaſt, and tumbled dead from the pulpit into the aiſle.

Where there was no reſiſtance but on the part of the prieſt, an aſſaſſination put an end to the ſtruggle; but, in ſome places, the reſiſtance was more general. The pariſhioners were divided; one part, the champions of the apoſtate, and the other thoſe of the old prieſt. Church-time was the moment for deciding theſe diſputes, and the church-yard the field of action. Theſe frays were often bloody; victory ſometimes leaned to the ſide of juſtice; but as the apoſtate appeared in perſon at the head of his troops, as he had the young people generally on his ſide, and always

the mob and municipal officers, with their national guards, he ſeldom failed to keep the field. Some of theſe wretches have been ſeen conducted to the altar to the ſound of drums and trumpets, at the very moment when their partizans were murdering on the outſide of the church.

The expelling of the parochial clergy tried the real ſentiments of the body of the French people more than any one act of their tyrants ever did, before or ſince. Generally ſpeaking, the trial was more honourable to them: for if we except Paris, and ſome other places immediately under the influence of the revolutionary clubs, they wiſhed to retain their ancient paſtors, and did not ſcruple to declare that wiſh, notwithſtanding the vociferations of hundreds of mobs in the pay of the Aſſembly; notwithſtanding all theſe petty aſſemblies of ſubaltern tyrants, called municipal officers, who came to order them to receive an apoſtate *in the name of the law;* notwithſtanding thouſands of ſpies and aſſaſſins, ever ready to betray and murder them; in ſpite of all theſe, whole pariſhes flocked round their prieſts, preſſed them to continue, followed them to the fields, and left the apoſtates to ſay maſs to the bare walls. Many of the latter, though they continued to receive the revolutionary ſalary for upwards of two years, never could boaſt of above three or four voluntary hearers.

Wherever this obſtinate attachment to religion appeared, the Aſſembly knew how to make the refractory feel their authority. True tyrants, they ſuffered no one to thwart their will with impunity. Property, honour, conſcience, all muſt yield to their ſultanic decrees!

Condorcet, the atheiſt Condorcet, propoſed flagellation; and this was commonly inflicted on the women and children who aſſiſted at the maſſes of the nonjuring clergy. The Abbé Barruel (page 79 of the French edition) tells us, that three ſiſters of one of the charity-houſes at Paris expired under the rods of the aſſaſſins. Ungrateful monſters! the

lives

lives of theſe women had been totally devoted to the ſervice of the ſick, the lame and the blind. By their vow they were excluded from the pleaſures of the world, without being excluded from its pains. They had made a voluntary ſurrender of all they poſſeſſed, had aſſumed the garb, and ſubmitted to the auſterities of the monaſtic life, in order to devote themſelves to the mournful occupation of attending on the poor who laboured under infirmities. It was ſaid, they did this to ſecure themſelves a place in heaven; and moſt certainly they took the ſureſt way. I feel a reluctance to call ſuch people ſuperſtitious; for if they were ſo, their ſuperſtition was of a moſt amiable kind; and ſurely nothing ſhort of the principles of this helliſh revolution could have hardened the hearts of men to ſcourge them to death, and that merely becauſe they would not diſgrace themſelves by receiving the ſacrament from the contaminated hands of an apoſtate.

It were endleſs to enumerate all the different ſorts of perſecution exerciſed againſt thoſe who remained attached to their religion. Little children were beaten half to death; the hair and ears of women were cut off; they were mounted on aſſes, and led about in the moſt unſeemly and ſhocking guiſe. The inſtance of John Cantabel deſerves particular notice. Cantabel was an honeſt peaſant, ſincerely attached to the religion of his fathers. He happened to have a little catechiſm which had been publiſhed by the nonjuring clergy; it was found in his houſe; and this was a ſufficient crime. A committee of municipal officers ordered the catechiſm to be burnt; a great fire was made; Cantabel was brought forth, and commanded to throw the book into it. "No," ſays the heroic peaſant, "it contains the principles of my "religion; it has been my guide and my comfort, "and it now gives me the courage to tell you, that "I will never commit it to the flames." Upon this he was threatened, but ſtill he remained reſolute.—One of the ruffians ſeized a flaming torch, and held

it under his hand. "Burn on," ſaid he, "you may "burn not only my hand, but my whole body, be- "fore I will do any thing to diſhonour my religion." He was afterwards mounted on a horſe, his back to the head, and the tail in his hand, and was thus conducted about amidſt the ſhouts of the rabble. The vile wretches, when tired of their ſport, ſuffered him to creep home, more dead than alive.—This is the *liberty of conſcience* in the "*Age of Reaſon!*" This is the *toleration* we might expect from atheiſts, from theſe infidel philoſophers, who are continually exclaiming againſt the prejudices of their forefathers, and againſt the ſad effects of bigotry and religious zeal. In the cant of theſe *enlightened* reformers, this peaſant was a *fanatic*, an *ariſtocrat*, a *rebel to the law*, and, as ſuch, they will tell you that he was worthy of death.

Notwithſtanding the partial oppoſition the apoſtates met with, and the horror their conduct as well as their miniſtry excited in all good minds, they, at laſt, found themſelves in the poſſeſſion of the churches, to the excluſion of the ancient prieſts. Such of theſe latter as had eſcaped death, were now bereft of all means of ſubſiſtence; they were therefore obliged to become a charge to their faithful pariſhioners. Had there been any ſuch things as toleration and liberty under the Conſtituent Aſſembly, theſe unfortunate men might ſtill have found a retreat among their wealthy neighbours, that would have left them no reaſon to regret the loſs of their ſalaries. But the greateſt part of their wealthy neighbours were already reduced to their own ſituation, and thoſe who were not, knew that the reception of a nonjuring prieſt would amount to a proof of *ariſtocracy*, ſufficient to lead them to the guillotine. The expulſed prieſts were, then, obliged to take ſhelter in ſome obſcure and miſerable cabin; and often was the terror ſo great, that, like perſons infected with the plague, no one would admit them beneath his roof.

From ſuch a ſtate of miſery and humiliation, ſome fled

ſſed in diſguiſe to the countries ſurrounding France; ſome to receſſes in the foreſt, whither the peaſants of the neighbourhood brought them the means of exiſtence. Numbers, however, ſtill remained in their towns and villages. Seeing the whole country ſwarming with aſſaſſins, they thought, perhaps, they might as well wait the ſtab in their own pariſhes as to ſeek it at a diſtance. Many, too, from age and infirmity, were abſolutely incapable of travelling; and beſides, the ſmall remainder of a life ſo full of bitterneſs could not, with ſuch men, be an object of ſufficient importance to induce them to abandon thoſe of their pariſhioners, who ſtill ſought their advice and conſolation. Some were retained by their affection to their relations, or their parents: it is ſo hard to break the bands of nature, to tear one's ſelf from all one holds dear, that the riſk of death in competition with ſuch a ſeparation loſes half its terrors.

The ancient prieſts who remained in their pariſhes, or near them, though often obliged to ſecrete themſelves, and though, to appearance, generally ſhunned, were reſorted to by great numbers, particularly of the elderly people. I have already obſerved, that, among the youth, there was a pretty general bias towards the apoſtates. Hence enſued ſuch ſcenes of diviſion and perſecution as no country on earth, except France, ever witneſſed. Friends were divided againſt friends; one branch of a family againſt another. It often happened that the parents treated their children as apoſtates, and the children their parents as ariſtocrats: quarrels and bloodſhed were as often the conſequences. We have ſeen a ſon cut off the heads of his father and mother, becauſe they refuſed to attend at the maſs of an apoſtate, carry the heads to his club, and receive applauſes for the deed. Acts like this were not frequent; but others very near approaching it, were not only frequent, but general. Sons, and even daughters, have been known to beat and lacerate their parents in the moſt cruel manner. Hundreds of both ſexes have been led to priſon, and publicly

publicly accuſed by their children. A man at Fauſconberg, in Artois, blew his wife's brains out with his muſket, and left her wallowing in her blood on the hearth, with ſeven ſmall children crying round her.

Can any man, with the common feelings of humanity about his heart, contemplate ſuch ſcenes of horror, without execrating the revolution that gave riſe to them?

The apoſtate prieſts failed not to fan the flames of diſcord and diviſion. To ingratiate themſelves with the young and the ignorant, they mixed in all their amuſements and debauches, treated them at their own houſes, and inſtituted civic feſtivals for the mob, with whom they were continually ſurrounded. Their maſſes were ſung amidſt the ſhouts of robbers and murderers, and often interrupted by the arrival of ſome innocent conſcientious perſon, dragged in to aſſiſt at what he looked upon as a profanation. Their churches reſembled guard-houſes, rather than places of divine worſhip. In proportion as they perceived themſelves neglected or deſpiſed, their wrath againſt their unſhaken predeceſſors increaſed. Vexed and humiliated to find that all the reſpectable part of their pariſhioners took as much pains to avoid them, as to ſeek a communication with their old paſtors, the whole weight of their vengeance fell on theſe latter. In their exiſtence itſelf they ſaw a memento of their own infamy. There is not a ſpecies of cruelty that the moſt obdurate can deviſe which they left uneſſayed. They hunted them from their retreats, from the houſes of their friends and relations, from the woods and caverns even, to expoſe them to inſult and murder. The infirmities of age, the tears of parents, nothing could ſoften the hearts of theſe apoſtate wretches. We have ſeen enough of the ſufferings of the old clergy in the firſt chapter of this work; but there is yet one inſtance which I muſt quote. "I was "at Trois Rivières (ſays le Voyageur de la Révolu-"tion) a little village in Picardy. I ſaw ſeveral wo-

"men

" men running by the inn where I had put up; they
" all ſeemed much alarmed. I aſked the landlord
" what was the matter: he told me that the revolu-
" tionary prieſt, provoked to find that none of the vil-
" lage attended to his maſs, had been that morning to
" Ville D'Eu for a party of national guards, to aid
" him in driving the former prieſt from a little cot-
" tage, where he and his mother had taken ſhelter.
" The man gave a moſt affecting account of this good
" prieſt, who was upwards of fourſcore years of age,
" and who had been the rector of that place for more
" than fifty years. On the day he was to deliver his
" cure into the hands of the apoſtate, he ſummoned
" his little flock to meet him in the church for the
" laſt time. Not a ſoul was abſent, old or young.
" The women carried their infants in their arms; and
" two old people, not able to walk, were carried on
" couches. *My children*, ſays the old man, *I have*
" *preſſed your tender hands on the baptiſmal font: I*
" *have ſung the requiem for the ſouls of your fathers:*
" *I muſt now bid you an eternal farewell, deprived of*
" *the conſolation of leaving my aſhes among you!*"—
" Here he ceaſed; tears ſtifled his voice; the ſobs
" and cries of the audience rendered the ſcene too
" much for him. While the landlord was ſpeaking,
" we heard a diſcharge of muſkets, and a loud ſhriek
" of women. We ran to the ſpot. The peaſants of
" the village, about forty in number, had aſſembled
" round the cottage with clubs to defend their paſtor;
" but, the enemy having fire-arms, they had been
" obliged to give way, leaving two of their compani-
" ons dead, and ſeveral wounded. I now beheld a
" ſight ſufficient to melt the heart of a tyger. Two
" ruffians of the national guard were dragging out this
" venerable old man by the hair of the head, by thoſe
" locks as white as ſnow. He had received a wound
" in his cheek, from which the blood ran down on
" his garments.—In this ſituation was he led off, bare-
" headed and bare-footed, towards Ville D'Eu, while
" his poor old parent, who had been for many years

" blind

" blind and dumb, remained on her bed, happily in-
" ſenſible of the ſorrows of her ſon. As the villains
" pulled him along, all the words he was heard to
" utter, were, My Mother! Oh! my Mother!—The
" women and children of the village followed the eſ-
" cort with cries and lamentations, till the ſavages
" drove them back with the points of their bayonets."

Nor were thoſe of the laity ſpared who reſorted to the old clergy for the exerciſe of the rites which they looked upon as eſſential. A new married couple having refuſed to have the ceremony performed by one of the apoſtates, a party of his myrmidons broke in among them the wedding night. The huſband made his eſcape: the wife, in a ſwoon, became the prey of the party. They gratified their brutal paſſion, without gratifying their ferocity. They tore off her breaſts, as a tiger might have done with his claws, and threw them on the floor. They then left her to wait till death relieved her from her horrible ſituation.

I ſhould have ſcrupled inſerting a fact like this, though taken from ſo reſpectable a work, if the former part of this work did not contain others, if poſſible, ſurpaſſing it. I ſay, if poſſible; for I declare I know not which is moſt ſhocking, the tearing off a woman's breaſts, or the ripping a child from her womb, and ſticking it on the point of a bayonet. Indeed, the greateſt part of the facts related here, are ſo much more ſhocking and terrific than any thing we have ever before had an idea of, that common murders appear as trifling.

By means like theſe, the old clergy and their adherents were extirpated, and religion along with them. The buſineſs of the new clergy (if the wretches deſerve the name) was, not to eſtabliſh one church on the ruins of another: it would be as prepoſterous as to ſuppoſe that an aſſembly of atheiſts and deiſts had any ſuch intention, as to ſuppoſe that a horde of apoſtates were calculated for the work. Theſe latter were, in fact, ſo many miſſionaries of blaſphemy and murder,

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ſent into the provinces purpoſely to deſtroy the ancient prieſthood. The Aſſembly foreſaw, that when that was done, their new prieſts would at any time become the apoſtles of infidelity.

It muſt be conſidered that theſe legiſlators did not want for cunning: an elegant writer has lately called them "architects of ruin;" and indeed, they poſſeſſed the art of deſtroying in its utmoſt perfection. Their calculations with reſpect to their new prieſts were extremely juſt; they came out to an unit. When they had annihilated their predeceſſors, they were not only ready to ſecond the decrees for the abolition of Chriſtianity altogether; they were not only inſtrumental therein; but they led the way. Several began to teach the religion of *Reaſon* in the Jacobin clubs, of which they were all members, and even in the pulpit. The garb of a prieſt itſelf became a burthen to them, and they humbly aſked leave to quit it for the more honourable one of the national guard. The apoſtate biſhop of Moulin, who had been conſecrated by the unhallowed hands of Taillerand, wrote to the Convention that he officiated with a pike and liberty cap, inſtead of the croſier and the mitre. It was this vile wretch who firſt cauſed to be written on the burying ground, "*This is the place of everlaſting ſleep.*"—

Three weeks after this communication of the biſhop of Moulin, Gobet, the new biſhop of Paris, with his grand vicars, and three other revolutionary biſhops, came to the hall of legiſlators, and there abdicated Chriſtianity in form. They begged pardon of the injured nation for having ſo long kept them in the dark, by duping them into a belief of the divinity of an *Impoſtor*, whoſe religion they now threw off with abhorrence, reſolved in future to acknowledge no other deity than *Reaſon* alone!

It was not more than four days after this that a pagan feſtival was held in the cathedral church of Paris. A women named Memoro, the wife of another man, but the ſtrumpet of the vile Hebert, *alias* Father

Father du Chêne, was dreſſed up as the *Goddeſs of Reaſon*. Her throne was of green turf; an altar was erected at ſome diſtance, on which the prieſts burnt incenſe, while the legiſlators and the brutified Pariſian herd were proſtrated before the Goddeſs of *Reaſon, alias* Memoro, *alias* Du Chêne.

About this epoch appeared the Paganiſm republican calendar, with a decree ordering its adoption. This was intended to root from the poor tyrannized people the very memory of religion; to dry up the only ſource of comfort they had left. They had been robbed of all they poſſeſſed in this world, and their inexorable tyrants wiſhed to rob them of every hope in the next. Some ſay that this calendar itſelf was compoſed by an apoſtate prieſt; others, that it was the work of a writer of farces named Deſmoulins.

It is true, the laſt mentioned acts, the conſummation of the moſt horrid blaſphemy that ever man was witneſs of, took place under the Convention: but, what were they more than a neceſſary conſequence of the meaſures of the Conſtituent Aſſembly? Nay, the leaders in that Aſſembly boaſted, when they had obtained the decree againſt the nonjuring prieſts, that they had tricked the people out of their religion, before they perceived it. Nor is there at this time one of thoſe who voted for that decree, who will not tell you, that Chriſtianity is a farce, fit only for the amuſement of old folks, and that he rejoices in its abolition in France. This is not mere ſurmiſe.

Indeed, that their ſucceſſors have only fulfilled their wiſhes, in this reſpect, there can be no doubt, if any judgment of the wiſhes of men is to be formed from their principles, their words, and their actions. Who, I aſk, that wiſhed to preſerve religion, would have paſſed a decree for the expulſion of every prieſt that refuſed to forſwear himſelf? Who, that did not wiſh to deſtroy religion, would have paſſed a decree for committing it to the care of apoſtates? Was it not clear, that ſuch men would ſtick at nothing? That, at the nod of their maſters, they would at any time

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be ready to blaſpheme the God they pretended to adore? On the contrary, the Aſſembly knew, that there was no hope of their ſyſtem taking root while the ancient clergy remained in their cures. Among men, who gave up their all, and expoſed themſelves to almoſt certain death, rather than falſify their faith, they could not hope to find a Gobet. They could not hope to find ſupple villains that would voluntarily depoſe the emblems of their religion on the altar of a ſtrumpet, and confeſs themſelves to have been the crafty miniſters of an *arch impoſtor*.

The oath tendered to the clergy was the touch-ſtone; it was to prove them; to know whom the Aſſembly could depend on for the accompliſhment of their projects, and whom they could not depend on. The enforcing of the oath was the laſt blow to public religion in France, and therefore the deſtruction of that religion, with all its immoral and murderous conſequences, is due to the Conſtituent Aſſembly, and to them alone. It is as nonſenſical as unjuſt to accuſe this or that faction, or even the Convention itſelf, of exchanging Chriſtianity for a ſyſtem of Paganiſm; infidels who adore an idol, are as good as infidels who adore none; and where is the difference, whether the adored idol be Jean Jacques Rouſſeau or Madame Memoro? An adultereſs is as good a goddeſs as an adulterer is a god at any time.

Let the reader look back, and he will eaſily trace all the horrors of the French Revolution to the decrees of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. It was they that rent the government to pieces; it was they that firſt broached the deſtructive doctrine of equality; it was they that deſtroyed all ideas of private property; and finally, it was they that rendered the people hardened, by effacing from their minds every principle of the only religion capable of keeping mankind within the bounds of juſtice and humanity. Look alſo at their particular actions, and you will ſee them breaking their oaths to their conſtituents, and to their king; you will ſee their agents driving people from their eſtates, beating and killing them; you will ſee them ſurrounded with

a ſet of hireling writers and aſſaſſins, employed to degrade and murder peaceable people attached to the religion of their forefathers; and you will ſee them not only pardoning murderers, in ſpite of their poor humiliated monarch, but even receiving the aſſaſſins at their bar, covering them with applauſes, and inſtituting feſtivals in their honour. What have the members of the Convention and their agents done more than this? They have murdered in greater numbers. True; but what have numbers to do with the matter? The principle on which thoſe murders were committed was ever the ſame: it was more or leſs active, as occaſion required. The wants of the Convention were more preſſing than thoſe of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. The Aſſembly were not driven to the expedient of *requiſitions*, nor was the hour yet arrived for the promulgation of the paganiſh calendar. Conſequently they met with leſs oppoſition, and therefore leſs murders were neceſſary; but, had they continued their ſittings to this day, the devaſtation of every kind would have been the ſame that it has been.

The WHOLE HISTORY of the FRENCH REVOLUTION preſents us with nothing but a regular progreſs in ROBBERY and MURDER. The firſt Aſſembly, for inſtance, begin by flattering the mob, wheedling their king out of his title and his power; they then ſet him at defiance, proſcribe or put to death his friends; and then ſhut him up in his palace, as a wild beaſt in a cage. The ſecond Aſſembly ſent a gang of ruffians to inſult and revile him, and then they hurl him from his throne. The third Aſſembly cut his throat. What is there in all this but a regular and natural progreſſion from bad to worſe? And ſo with the reſt of their abominable actions.

To throw the blame on the ſucceſſors of the firſt deſpotic Aſſembly is ſuch a perverſion of reaſon, ſuch an abandonment of truth, that no man, who has a ſingle grain of ſenſe, can hear of with patience. As well might we aſcribe all the murders committed at Nantz to the under cut-throats, by whom they were perpetrated,

perpetrated, and not to the Convention by whoſe order, and under whoſe protection, theſe cut-throats acted. The Conſtituent Aſſembly knew the conſequences of their decrees, as well as Foucalt [*See page 52.*]; knew the conſequence of his order for throwing forty women from the cliff Pierremoine into the ſea; and it is full as ridiculous to hear them pretend, that they did not wiſh thoſe conſequences to follow, as it would be to hear Foucalt pretend, that he did not wiſh the forty women ſhould be drowned. True, the Convention are guilty of every crime under heaven: aſſaſſins and blaſphemers muſt ever merit deteſtation and abhorrence, from whatever motive they may act, or by whomſoever taught and inſtigated; but ſtill the pre-eminence in infamy is due to their teachers and inſtigators: the Convention is, in relation to the Conſtituent Aſſembly, what the ignorant deſperate bravo is in relation to his crafty and ſculking employer.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper, as I have hitherto ſpoken of the Conſtituent Aſſembly in a general way, to make ſome diſtinctions with reſpect to the perſons who compoſed it. I am very far from holding them all up as objects of abhorrence, or even of cenſure. There were many, very many, men of great wiſdom and virtue, who were elected to the States-General, and even who joined the Aſſembly, after it aſſumed the epithet *National*. It would be the height of injuſtice to reproach theſe men with the conſequences of meaſures, which they oppoſed with ſuch uncommon eloquence and courage. Hiſtory will make honourable mention of their names, when the epitome I have here attempted will be loſt and forgotten. Suffice it then to ſay, that the weight of our cenſure, of the cenſure of all juſt and good men, ought to fall on thoſe licentious politicians and infidel philoſophers alone, who ſanctioned the decree for the annihilation of property and religion.

Here, too, we ought to diveſt ourſelves of every thing of a perſonal or party nature, and direct our abhorrence to principles alone. As to the actors, they have,

have, in general, already expiated their wickedneſs or folly by the loſs of their lives. We have ſeen the atheiſt Condorcet obliged to fly in diſguiſe from the capital, the inhabitants of which he had corrupted, and by whom he had been adored as the great luminary of the age: we have ſeen him aſſume the garb and the ſupplicating tone of a common beggar, lurking in the lanes and woods, like a houſeleſs thief, and, at laſt, literally dying in a ditch, leaving his carcaſe a prey to the fowls of the air, and his memory as a leſſon to future apoſtles of anarchy and blaſphemy. Scores, not to ſay hundreds, of his coadjutors have ſhared a fate little different from his own; and thoſe who have not, have little reaſon to congratulate themſelves on their eſcape. The tornado they have raiſed for the deſtruction of others, has ſwept them from the ſeat of their tyranny, and ſcattered them over every corner of the earth. Thoſe haughty uſurpers, who refuſed the precedence to the ſucceſſors of Charlemagne, are now obliged to yield it to a peaſant or a porter. They who decreed, that the "folding doors of the Louvre "ſhould fly open at their approach," are now glad to lift the latch of a wicket, and bend their heads beneath the thatch of a cabin. And, what language can expreſs the vexation, the anguiſh, the cutting reflections, that muſt be the companions of their obſcurity! When they look back on their diſtracted country, when they behold the widows, the orphans, the thouſands and hundreds of thouſands of murdered victims, that it preſents; when they behold the frantic people, carrying the dagger to the hearts of their parents, nay, digging their forefathers from the graves, and throwing their aſhes to the winds; when they behold all this, and reflect that it is the work of their own hands, well might they call on the hills to hide them. The torments of ſuch an exiſtence who can bear? Next to the wrath of heaven, the malediction of one's country is ſurely the moſt tremendous and inſupportable.

Now

Now what is the advantage we ought to derive from the awful example before us?—It ought to produce in us a watchfulneſs, and a ſteady reſolution to oppoſe the advances of diſorganizing and infidel principles. I am aware that it will be ſaid by ſome, that all fear of the progreſs of theſe principles is imaginary; but, conſtant obſervation aſſures me, that it is but too well founded.

Shall we ſay that theſe things never can take place among us? Becauſe we have hitherto preſerved the character of a pacific and humane people, ſhall we ſet danger at defiance? Though we are not Frenchmen, we are men as well as they, and conſequently are liable to be miſled, and even to be ſunk to the loweſt degree of brutality, as they have been. They, too, had an amiable character: what character have they now? *The ſame principles brought into action among us would produce the ſame degradation.*

There are few actions of the French revolutioniſts, but have been palliated and excuſed in our public papers*, and many of them in our public aſſemblies. Anarchy has its open advocates. How many numerous companies have iſſued, under the form of TOASTS, ſentiments offenſive to humanity, and diſgraceful to our national character? If DRUNKEN MEN, as is uſually the caſe, ſpeak from the bottom of their hearts, what quarter ſhould we have to expect from WRETCHES like theſe?

I know the reader will ſtart back with horror. His heart will tell him that it is impoſſible. But, once

* It is a truth that no one will deny, that the oppoſition newſpapers of this country have become its ſcourge. I ſpeak with a few exceptions. It is ſaid that they enlighten the people; but their light is like the torch of an incendiary, and the one has the ſame deſtructive effect on the mind as the other has on matter. The whole ſtudy of the editors of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Poſt*, and the *Courier*, ſeems to be to deceive and confound. One would almoſt think they were HIRED BY THE FRENCH DIRECTORY to turn the brains and corrupt the hearts of their readers.

more, let him look at the example before us. The man who, in 1788, ſhould have predicted the fate of the laſt humane and truly patriotic Louis, would have been treated as a wretch or a madman.

I am fully convinced, that the monarch and monarchy of Great Britain are as dear, and dearer to all good men than they ever were; but of what conſequence is our affection for our ſovereign, unleſs we are prepared to make every effort to defeat the projects of his enemies? Sure am I, that if the friends of virtue and order will only ſhew the ſame zeal in the cauſe of their country as the enemies of both have done in the cauſe of France, we ſhall have nothing to apprehend from a hardened and impious faction; which, however ſmall may be its numbers, if not timely and firmly oppoſed, may one day render the annals of Great Britain as diſgraceful as thoſe of the French Revolution.

FINIS.